
Title: Shadow: Wraithord, Pt: 3

Author: Shadow

Cold. Darkness. These were the only "feelings" he had now. Eternal life he had been granted, only it was not life. Every deal has a catch. Seth would remain on the planet until Oblivion, that much Azalin had been truthful about, however it would be in the form of a specter. Hunger, happiness, pain; they were all only memories. He felt no emotions except the relentless anger towards humanity and all things living. In time, it is told he learned to form his anger into physical manifestations. These corporeal blades were imbued with the deadliest poisons in the world, and could strike a man dead in a single blow. Seth never did find the remaining brigand, and now wanders the earth searching for his lost life, carrying out the grizzly deeds given to him by his master without emotion. In time his name was forgotten, and he became only known as a shadow that haunted certain places where the lowest and cruelest men lurked. In time even this was

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